

Light Romance

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Summary: A short, fluffy, One-Shot featuring a cheap, plastic chair, a dead light bulb, and a torch. For RavenXNero fans.

Light Romance

Completely random, and short, inspired after what happened to a friend of mine! My first fanfic- Go easy on me. I wrote a couple of years ago and I'm too lazy to edit it. It may not make sense and may have grammatical errors. It was first published on H.I.V.E.'s official blog.

Raven and Nero unfortunately don't belong to me; they're Mark Walden's.

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It was a late night. Raven and Nero were working on a burned light bulb at their current safe house.

"Remind me why we're so interested in this particular bulb," Raven sighed as she hauled a dusty toolbox she found under the stairs.

"This occasion may be quite comfortable, but we cannot tell how critical our next visit would be," Nero patiently reasoned with the tired assassin. Raven let out a longer sigh. She has long learned not to argue with her employer, even when it came to a simple light bulb.

"Now keep this directed on the lamp." Nero handed the powerful flashlight they were using. Raven glanced at the worryingly cheap and unstable plastic chair they planned to use as a ladder. It was the only prop they could find in the aging safe house, and it was definitely not the most brilliant one.

"Perhaps it would be much more secure if I do it" Raven answered, carefully choosing her words. She acknowledged she was far lighter than Nero, but that was not something to announce to your employer. The assassin was soon on the plastic structure, quickly unfastening the screws on the lighting. It warningly buckled under her weight from time to time, but it otherwise stayed perfectly intact. After a while, the two associate began to relax. It was then, with no warning that the chair suddenly gave up under Raven. She searched desperately for anything to cling onto, and found nothing. Without further calculations, Nero dropped the flashlight and stretched his arms out, instantly catching Raven. Raven grabbed onto Nero, with their faces so close, they locked eyes. The now not-so-powerful-flashlight died the minute it hit the ground. The only light came from shafts of the dim streetlights, reflecting off their illuminating eyes as a few long seconds passed. Raven was the first to break out of the trance, she stumbled to back her feet, stepping away from Nero.

"Uhh, thanks" Raven said. "Don't mention it," Nero answered, perhaps too quickly. They awkwardly glanced at each others', not sure what to do without any light at all.

\*\*AN: \*\*Okay, I know she would have probably just roll up to lighten the impact of her fall, making it hard to actually catch her, but it's called fan\_fiction \_for a reason!

End  
file.